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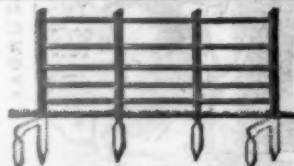
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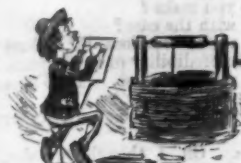
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Drawing Well to the Front.



Going in for a Good Bucket.



Some of the Crew rowed Outside the Boat.



Pulling themselves together.



Backing up.



A Hard Roe.



Swing—



—and Finish.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AS IT SHOULD BE.

(A Report taken after the passing of Mr. Punch's proposed Rules.)

In the House of Commons, the SPEAKER having taken the Chair at four o'clock, a message from the Upper House was read to the effect that their Lordships had just carried a Resolution agreeing prospectively to everything settled by the Commons, and declaring all Bills that would naturally have come before their Lordships from another place as read three times and passed.

The First Lord of the Treasury was about to congratulate the House on this very sensible arrangement, which he said was calculated to save much valuable public time, when

The SPEAKER interposed; and, while deprecating an undue interference with the right of debate, suggested that the Right Hon. Gentleman might more conveniently write what he wished to say to one of the daily papers. (Cheers.)

The Leader of the Opposition, while bowing to the authority of

the Chair, thought it would be only respectful if some acknowledgment—

The SPEAKER (interrupting): I know what the Right Hon. Gentleman is about to say. But no acknowledgment is possible. Their Lordships, after passing the Resolution just conveyed to the House, immediately adjourned until this day year. (Laughter.)

An Hon. Member wished to ask—but

The SPEAKER moved that he was out of order, as by the New Rules no questions were permitted. ("Hear, hear!")

The Queen's Speech (which had been communicated to the Public Press a week before the assembling of Parliament) was then taken as read.

The First Lord of the Treasury reminded the House that Rule VII. declared that when the Government had a two-thirds Majority, all measures should be accepted without opposition. ("Hear, hear!") He begged to introduce the Estimates, which had for some weeks been under the consideration of the people in the pages of the Public Press; and as Hon. Members had already received copies of the accounts, he proposed that they be accepted *en bloc*.

The Estimates *en bloc* were then agreed to.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER then introduced the Budget. He would make no financial statement, as his plan had been fully explained, before the assembling of the House, in the daily journals.

The Budget was passed under Rule VII.

The following Bills were then read three times, and passed under the same regulation:—The New Borough and County Franchise Bill, the New Bankruptcy Bill, the New Merchant Shipping Bill, the New Corrupt Practices (Elections) Bill, the New England, Ireland, and Scotland Distribution of Seats Bill, and the Corporation of London (Abolition of) Bill.

Just as the last-mentioned measure was being read a Third Time, the LORD MAYOR of London rose from his seat, and amidst loud shouts of "Order!" tried to address the House.

The SPEAKER: I must request the Right Hon. Gentleman to resume his seat. His interruption is indecent. (Loud cheers.) I must remind the House that Rule VIII. abolishes all discussion not sanctioned by the Chair. I have made it a practice to permit no discussion when no interest can be advanced by talking ("Hear, hear!") All the oratory in the world would not influence a single Party vote; so it would be a pure waste of time to discuss these matters further. ("Hear, hear!") If the Right Hon. Member wishes to speak, surely he can avail himself of the privilege when presiding over the splendid hospitality of the Mansion House. (Cheers and laughter.)

The Corporation of London (Abolition of) Bill was then passed, as were the Criminal Code Bill, the Compulsory Cheap Consumable Articles Bill, the Foreign Cattle Importation Bill, the New Marriage Bill, the Married Woman's Property Protection Bill, the Gas and Water Companies Abolition Bill, the Payment of Vestrymen Bill, the Primogeniture Abolition Bill, the Real and Personal Property Amalgamation Bill, and the Fox-hunting Suppression Bill.

When this measure was reached, the LORD MAYOR of London again interposed. He wished to say that, in the interests of Epping Forest—

The SPEAKER having called the LORD MAYOR to order, all the Private Bills of the Session (which had been examined in Committee during the Recess) were read three times, and passed. Thirty Clerks, each reading a Bill simultaneously, got through this duty in a few minutes.

The First Lord of the Treasury then announced that the work of the Session was over. Her MAJESTY (by a recent statute) was now permitted to give the Royal Assent through the medium of the Postmaster-General, who stamped the various measures on their arrival at St. Martin's-le-Grand. This formality would be observed before to-morrow morning. (Cheers.) Their labours were now at an end. (Prolonged applause.)

The Leader of the Opposition then asked how they would learn the contents of the Queen's Speech proroguing Parliament.

The SPEAKER: By reading it in the evening papers. (Renewed cheering.)

The Members then separated, after expressing themselves delighted with the afternoon's entertainment, and conscious of the fact that they had done more real work in less than a couple of hours under the New Rules than, in the old time, used to be accomplished during the greater part of a twelvemonth.

Punch to the Premier.

YOUR health! *Vox vobiscum!* Eloquent GLADSTONE,
May you soon find that rest to your fine organ adds tone.
Take time, shun the cold,
And 'twill sound, as of old,
As mellow as Memnon's, as gay as a lad's tone!

THE PARTY MOST INTERESTED IN THE FROZEN MEET TRADE.—The Fox.



ABSENT FRIENDS; OR, HOW I DEFENDED BURNABY!

L-rd R-nd-lph Ch-rch-II (gallantly). "YOU SHALL ONLY REACH HIM THROUGH ME!"

VERY TRYING.

A Record of a few Trials of Patience.

No. IX.—CROSS-EXAMINATION.

JONATHAN Bullethead, a powerfully-built man, with coarse features, was charged before Mr. **OLDTOWN** with assaulting his wife, by kicking her, in Regent Street.

Mr. MOSES JONES appeared for the Prisoner, and, addressing Mr. **OLDTOWN**, said: Please, your Worship, I am instructed on behalf of the Prisoner, who is a most respectable man, to say that his wife does not appear against him to prosecute, for reasons which, I dare say, she knows best. I am instructed by the Prisoner that he not only never laid a hand on her, but he desires a full investigation of the case.

Mr. Oldtown. He is not charged with laying his hand upon her. The assault was alleged to have been committed with the feet.

Mr. Moses Jones. My positive instructions—

Mr. Oldtown. Is the Constable here who took the Prisoner in charge?

The Constable stepped forward, and said that the Complainant, who was much hurt, was afraid to appear against her husband.

Mr. Oldtown. I thought as much. I shall remand the Prisoner until—

Mr. Moses Jones. I beg your pardon, your Worship—

Mr. Oldtown. So you ought, for interrupting me.

An elderly Clergyman here stepped forward, and, addressing Mr. **OLDTOWN**, said: Your Worship, I happened to be an unexpected witness of this most cowardly assault, and, purely in the interest of the Public, have come here, at great inconvenience, to give evidence.

Mr. Moses Jones. Really, your Worship, this is most irregular. The Complainant does not wish to come forward. Are we then to accept evidence from an outsider, in clerical garb, who is virtuous about public interest, who is—in fact, who is he? I have known cases—I don't say this is an instance—but I have known innocent men convicted on the testimony of a stranger, bribed by some person

having a grudge against the accused. I repeat, I don't insinuate it is the case now, but how am I to know who this Gentleman is.

Mr. Oldtown. You seem very anxious to know who he is. The opportunity shall be afforded you. I shall accept his evidence.

Mr. Moses Jones. Surely, Sir—

Mr. Oldtown. Yes. Most surely.

The Rev. **JOHN JIMPS** then stated: That he saw the Prisoner make a rush at a little woman in Regent Street, knock her down, and kick her several times.

Mr. Oldtown. If other members of the general Public would follow your example, Mr. **JIMPS**, greater facility would be afforded the Justices of Peace to get rid of such ruffians as this. You have set a good example, and I hope others may be induced to follow it.

Mr. Moses Jones. I may be permitted, I presume, your Worship, to cross-examine this Witness.

Mr. Oldtown. Oh, certainly.

Mr. Moses Jones. Now, then! What are you?

Witness (the Rev. Mr. Jimps). A Clergyman.

Mr. Moses Jones. What income do you make?

Mr. Oldtown. What has this to do with the case?

Mr. Moses Jones. I am acting on my instructions, Sir; I have a right to ask any questions that test the credibility of the Witness. I act in accordance with my right, and mean to do so. (To Witness.) What is your income?

Witness. From my church about £200 a-year, and from private sources about £50 a-year.

Mr. Moses Jones. Private sources. Oh, I thought we should arrive at something. You see, your Worship, how important this is. (To Witness.) What are those private sources you speak of?

Witness. I really do not see what this has to do with the case?

Mr. Moses Jones (fiercely). Answer the question.

Mr. Oldtown (the Magistrate). I am afraid you must answer the question.

Witness. I have a small income left me by an Aunt.

Mr. Moses Jones. Oh, indeed! Now, on your oath, Sir—Will you swear she was your Aunt?

Witness (indignantly). I appeal to your Worship for protection.

Mr. Moses Jones. Answer the question.

Witness. I swear it.

Mr. Moses Jones. Have you ever received money before for being an independent Witness?

Witness. Never!

Mr. Moses Jones. Don't lose your temper. Have you ever appeared before in the so-called interests of the Public?

Witness. No; and never mean to again, if I can help it.

Mr. Moses Jones. Have you ever received money for selling old clothes?

Witness. What do you insinuate?

Mr. Moses Jones. Don't ask me questions, but answer mine.

Witness. I once sold some old left-off things of my own, but I don't see any necessity to rake up private transactions—

Mr. Moses Jones. That'll do. What did you get for them?

Mr. Oldtown (the Magistrate). I shall take upon myself to stop this examination. Supposing the Witness received eightpence, or even five pounds for the things, what on earth has it to do with the present case? If I myself chose to sell a pair of left-off trousers, is that to debar me from delivering judgments in future?

Mr. Moses Jones. I shall perhaps be able to show that this Witness is a very shady person.

Mr. Oldtown. On his testimony, I shall remand the Prisoner without bail, and if the wife does not appear on the next occasion, I may convict him on the same testimony.

Mr. Moses Jones. Should the Prisoner be discharged, I might take measures to have the Witness suspended.

Mr. Oldtown. And if the Prisoner is convicted, the Witness might take measures to have you struck off the Rolls.

Mr. Moses Jones. After that expression of opinion from your Worship, I beg to apologise to the Witness.

The Witness kindly accepted the apology, and the proceedings terminated.

Not far Wrong.

"WHAT? Bother me with their Committee?"

Cries **WATKIN**, "I the truth divine:

They think—the fools,—and more's the pity,

I don't know where to draw the line!"

OTTERS IN THE THAMES.—Our Special Otterman, whom we dispatched to make inquiries on the subject, thus telegraphs:—"The Otter is no longer the Ottercat of the Thames, though you may occasionally see in secluded parts, on bitten branches, his dental Ottergraph, which shows he has not altogether ceased to exist." We have wired to our Representative to return instantly.

EXAMINATION-PAPER FOR WOULD-BE ARMY MAJORS.

(Compiled to meet the Objection that the Present Test is too difficult for Senior Captains to undergo.)

1. HAVE you got a horse? If so,—Do you know how to ride him in rear of a Band without dismounting before waiting for the word of command?
2. Can you draw your sword on horseback and say "Charge!" without falling off?
3. "Two's a company, three's none"—does this apply to a Brigade?
4. If two pairs of ammunition boots cost three shillings, what would a single pair of boots at the same rate cost?
5. What had the following Generals to do with the Battle of Waterloo—(1) WELLINGTON, (2) NAPOLEON, (3) BLUCHER. If you can, give their nationalities?
6. If ordered to advance in *échelon* from the right, what question would you put to the Adjutant? If he said "he didn't know what to do," which would you consult first, the Colonel or the Sergeant-Major?
7. What is the size of a target six feet by four feet? How do you (1) load and (2) fire a musket?
8. What, in your opinion, should a Sentry observe when alarming a Guard in case of fire?
9. State the nominal difference between a Regimental Court-martial and a District Court-martial.
10. On what weapon should the bayonet be generally fixed when a battalion is being drilled in the bayonet exercise?
11. Given a company with loaded rifles at "the Present." What word is considered frequently necessary by the Officer in command to cause the men to discharge their rifles?
12. A battalion, consisting of eight companies, is divided on parade into equal parts—the first four companies (Companies Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4) are called the "Right half battalion," the remainder the "Left half battalion." In which half battalion would Company No. 6 be found?
13. If you heard the word of command, "Right shoulders forward!" which way would you go?
14. Is an "Ensign" a man or a flag?
15. State anything you may happen to know about the formation of a square? If this is too difficult, name some of the most fashionable squares in London.

THE GOVERNMENT TO THE OGRE OBSTRUCTION.—"Thou comest in such a question-able shape!"

New Work, by the Author of *Called Back*, to be entitled *Called Forward*; or, *The Pert Young Thing*.



CULTURE.

Parlour-Maid (to Butlers), "YOU VULGAR BOY! YOU SHOULD NEVER SAY 'AX.' YOU SHOULD SAY 'HARRK'!"

THE FOWLER DID SPREAD HIS NET IN VAIN!

OUR City Correspondent informs us that having fortunately discovered the name and address of the LORD MAYOR's Butterman, who contracts, at per ton, for the weekly contents of his Lordship's Waste-Paper Basket, he has been enabled to obtain the replies of the various celebrities to a recent Munching House invitation, copies of which he subjoins:—

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL (who had been asked to "talk down" Mr. GLADSTONE) would have been much pleased to have accepted the LORD MAYOR's courteous invitation under other circumstances, and in other company; but with Railway Stations flying about our heads, and cattle dying by the hundred thousand, and the national expenditure increasing by millions and millions a day, he must decline accepting hospitality in company with the man who has caused it all!

MR. MARRIOTT, M.P. (begged to escort Mr. CHAMBERLAIN), regrets exceedingly that he is unable to accept the LORD MAYOR's kind invitation, associated, as he would be, with one who, to the meanness of a scraw adds the sting of a wasp and the audacity of a Caucasian.

MR. BRADLAUGH, M.P. (asked to give his arm to Mr. NEWDEGATE), presents his compliments to the LORD MAYOR, and very much regrets that a previous engagement to lecture at the Hall of Science, Huggin Lane, prevents him from accepting his most unexpected invitation to dinner on April 1st; the more so, as he should have been glad of the opportunity of convincing Mr. NEWDEGATE of his error in supposing that he was not perfectly ready to swallow any oath without blinking.

MR. PARNELL (required to convoy Mr. FORSTER), having consulted

the Members of that important Party of which he is the only acknowledged leader, has received their instructions to decline, without thanks, the invitation to dine at the Mansion House, in close proximity to the cold-blooded Saxon who ruled his down-trodden country with a rod of hot lead and cold steel, and left a name behind him which they will Forster till that glorious time when a Native Parliament of calm, dignified, peace-loving representatives shall meet on the shores of the beautiful Liffey.

MR. BASS (paired with Sir WILFRID LAWSON), would have accepted the LORD MAYOR's invitation with very much pleasure if unaccompanied with the intimation of the name of his next neighbour on the occasion. But to be seated next to a chaffing Teetotaler who would be watching every draught he took, would make his Bitter Ale bitter indeed, and make him as Mumm over his Champagne as a Waiter.

MR. JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR, M.P. (allotted to Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT), is somewhat surprised that the LORD MAYOR should think it possible that he could for one moment consent to put his Irish legs under the same mahogany as that bitter foe to the patriotic Irish Brigade, the HOME SECRETARY, otherwise it would have pleased his genial nature to have seen the conger eel that his poor countrymen spurn with contempt, served up as a luxury to the ignorant Saxon.

MR. JAMES FIRTH BOTTOMLEY FIRTH, M.P. (attached to Sir WALTER ROBERT CARDEN), must decline the LORD MAYOR's invitation for the 1st of April, having an important Post Office engagement for that day, which will pay better. Even were it not so, he should still think that "better is an humble chop and a baked tater in the Hall of the Middle Temple, than doubtful turtle and high wenson at that 'Shrine of Gluttony,' the Munchin' House!"

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

To Mr. David James, on "Confusion" at the Vaudeville, and on a Report about "The Rivals" at the Haymarket.

MY DEAR DAVID,

I DON'T remember ever having written to you before this; and when I wrote down your Christian name,—not that "DAVID" is a distinctively Christian name, being common alike to the Ancient Hebrew Race and Welshmen (whose Christianity was for a considerable time doubtful, and has never entirely got rid of a certain Druidical flavour that still hangs about it)—a thrill went right through me, and had I been a Spiritualist, I should have felt convinced that the Shade of GARRICK was at my elbow, looking over my shoulder, and inquiring, in a chilly whisper, "May I ask if you are addressing me?" Yes, my dear DAVID JAMES, you are the only member of the Theatrical Profession who, as far as I am aware, bears the honoured name of DAVID; and that you have also something of the Garrick stuff in you I will honestly take my Davy, and aver that from what we have read of GARRICK, you are at least half-a-Davy, as RONSON was quite three-quarters of him.

So you are not going to revive *Our Boys* at the Criterion, and CHARLES WYNDHAM is going to reappear there himself with a new Comedy. Good luck to it! The other evening I dropped into the Vaudeville (which you dropped out of some time ago), but I didn't see your old chum and partner THOMAS in *Confusion*, which is a funny farce spun out into three Acts, all about a baby and a dog, just as *Nita's First* at the Novelty is all about a baby without the dog.

I say, my dear DAVID, good old times revived, eh? You and I remember EDWARD WRIGHT (and if you don't, our excellent friend JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE does) at the Adelphi, when people went to see WRIGHT and BEDFORD, and used to split their sides over a broad—a very broad—farce in one Act and one Scene. And four times out of seven wasn't there a baby in those farces?—a baby who was invariably hidden away in any place that came first, the top drawer, a shelf of a cupboard, a portmanteau, anywhere, in fact, where it might have a good chance of being smothered, suffocated, sat upon, and so shamefully and yet so comically ill-treated that when, after upsetting a heavy trunk and a few articles of furniture on to the top of something or other that went crack, Mr. WRIGHT suddenly exclaimed, "Good gracious! I've smashed the baby!" the audience would scream with irrepressible mirth. Did you ever send your *Wife to Camberwell*? was one of these farces; and in WEBSTER'S *Royal Red Book*, which was, I think, a farce in three Acts, or, at all events, in several Scenes, there was much the same *equivoque* about the dog and the baby as there is in *Confusion*.

In the column of "Opinions of the Press," which heralded the 200th or 250th night of *Confusion*, I saw the opinion of the *Standard's* Critic quoted. The satirical rogue had, it seems, actually praised *Confusion* as a good specimen of "Modern Comedy." Rather hard this on the Author of *Our Boys* and *Cyril's Success*, for example, not to mention other writers of Comedy more or less successful. *Confusion* is just as much a Comedy (in our English sense of the word) as were the old Adelphi Farces above mentioned, of which Messrs. WRIGHT, PAUL BEDFORD, O. SMITH (who was immense in *Did you ever send your Wife to Camberwell*?), the youthful EBUENE, and the imitable Miss WOOLGAR were the life and soul. *Confusion* is well acted by everyone except Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, who seemed thoroughly out of his element, and was only not quite so bad as Mr. JOHN CLAYTON in that One-Act Burlesque (I forget its title) which, after being so successful at a *Gaiety Matinée* when played by Actors who understood that line of business, proved such a dead failure when done (to death) at the Court by Actors who didn't.

And now, my dear DAVID, where are you coming out? Are you in *The Rivals* at the Haymarket? You'd like to know the cast for that piece, would you? Well, there are many reports about it,—nothing like getting up these mysterious reports, circulating whispers "in confidence," you know—telling all the details "as a secret" which "won't go beyond these four walls, of course," or "mustn't on any account go beyond this table"—(but walls have ears, and tables have talked before now)—it's the best and subtlest and genteelst form of advertising,—well, as I was saying, there are many reports about, and you, whether engaged or not in the piece, have heard something about it, but not everything. Isn't your old friend "NIBBS" likely to know? Isn't his version of what is going to be done at the Haymarket as good, nay, isn't it probably better than anybody else's?

Well, then, hark in thine ear:—Mr. BANCROFT, with admirable tact and judgment, has secured the services of Mr. WILLS (Poet and Painter, and Author of *Charles I.*, &c., &c.) to edit and generally re-arrange SHERIDAN'S *Rivals*. It will be put into form just as the *School for Scandal* was put into form at the Prince of Wales's (Consue BANCROFT), and just as GARRICK, KEMBLE, KEAN, MACREADY, PHELPS, CHARLES KEAN, and IRVING have chopped and changed and

re-arranged SHAKESPEARE to suit the taste of their Nineteenth-Century audiences. Since SHAKESPEARE'S own time, I will venture to say that no Manager has ever put a play of the Divine WILLIAM'S on the Stage as he wrote it. And quite right, too, if the Manager is to be credited with understanding his own business. As to SHERIDAN'S *Rivals*, the scenes between Faulkland and Julia should come out by handfuls. They are bores, nuisances, sentimental twaddles, as tedious as *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Lovelace*, *Grandison*, & Co.

The only time I ever remember Faulkland tolerable, was when the Actor had emptied on to his wig a boxful of powder, which, on his striking his forehead, despairingly, flew up Julia's nose, and set her sneezing. The sneezing was infectious, and the scene ended in such a sneezing match between the two otherwise tedious lovers as sent the audience into fits of laughter. If Mr. LIONEL BROUGHT is engaged for Faulkland, no doubt he will introduce this business, and Mrs. BANCROFT will be imitable as Julia. This will be real Comedy. BANCROFT, as Sir Lucius, will be the big hit of the piece, I venture to prophesy. Whether Mrs. BERNARD BEER or Miss ANDERSON is to play Mrs. Malaprop is at present uncertain, but either of them would evidently be admirable in the part of the "weather-beaten old she-dragon." The Editor will probably suppress all coarse and vulgar allusions to Mrs. Malaprop's personal appearance, and, of course, Sir Lucius will no longer address her as "old Gentlewoman," or repudiate her as Delia, with "You Delia! pho! pho! be easy"—and Sir Anthony's extravagant compliment as to her being "in her bloom yet," given with a glance aside at the audience, will be taken *au sérieux*. The BANCROFTS have the credit of sparing no expense and doing things well,—and Mr. BANCROFT'S truly practical motto has always been "If you want a part well played, play it yourself."—so that it is no wonder that their ideally-perfect cast for the piece should be as follows:—

Sir Anthony Absolute	Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS.
Captain Absolute	Mr. HARRY JACKSON.
Faulkland (with a song).	Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS.
Bob Acres	Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING.
Sir Lucius O' Trigger	Mr. BANCROFT.
Mrs. Malaprop (in classic costume)	Miss MARY ANDERSON.
Lydia Languish	Mrs. BANCROFT.
Julia (with a dance)	LOTTA.
Lucy	Mrs. BERNARD BEER.

The notion of getting the veteran, Mr. WALTER LACY, to shave off his beard and moustache, and come out of his retirement to play Sir Anthony, of securing Miss VICTOR for Mrs. Malaprop, Miss MARIE LINDEN for Lydia Languish, yourself, my dear DAVID, for Bob Acres (what a Bob Acres you would be!), and Mr. HERBERT STANDING for Sir Lucius O' Trigger, is of course absurd on the very face of it. Mr. BANCROFT has, we hear, not succeeded in persuading Mr. WILSON BARRETT to give up *Claudius* for *Faulkland*. Catch Mr. BARRETT allowing anything to be cut out of the scenes between himself and Julia, except, of course, some of Julia's lines. But he would have the useless scenes between the *Absolutes*, Acres, and Sir Lucius, and so forth, considerably reduced. But if you, my dear DAVID, were going to play *Faulkland*, you wouldn't cut everybody else down, and have it all to yourself, would you? Not you, my dear DAVID. You like everybody to have their little bit, and you don't want a great big slice for yourself. You're too much of an Artist for that, aren't you, DAVID?

If I hear any further news of things theatrical, I'll let you know, as you've been rather "out of it" lately. Best wishes from
Your old friend, NIBBS.

In Defence of the Doctors.

SHE shames her sex who charges, with false tongue,
A great profession with all licence lewd:
Doctors disdain,—their withers are unwrung—
The stinging insults of a prurient prude!

DON'T FORGET!—EVERYONE is familiar with the Advertisement in the daily papers beginning—

MEMORY.—Instantaneous Art of Never Forgetting, wholly unlike Mnemonics, TAUGHT thoroughly by post, &c., &c.

Mr. Punch would be grateful indeed if this Professor could teach certain Gentlemen to remember to return silk umbrellas, to repay five-pound notes, and to send back books borrowed months ago.

FROM the *Times'* Correspondent at Khartoum last Saturday:—"There is also a report that the Sheikh BUSHUK, who was besieging SALA BEY, has been poisoned." Serve Sheikh BUSHUK quite right, but we look forward with anxiety to next Saturday's *Illustrated London News*, and shall at once go to the "Echoes" signed by "G. A. S." We do hope SALA BEY will have been besieged and got safely back again by that time.

WAITING FOR THE WAGON.

THE following further correspondence relating to the recent treatment of travellers by the Trans-Continental and General Practical Joking No-chance-of-getting-any-sleep-at-all Car and Carriages Company has been forwarded to Mr. Punch for publication:—



"Sheets" and
(Point) Blank-hits.

SIR.—I have read the lines of your Correspondent "A PERMANENT LUNATIC," and I can endorse nearly every word of what he says. Recovering from a thirteen years' illness and with nerves so shattered that the mere fall of a housemaid from the top of the house to the bottom with a tray full of glass and china caused me to start in my chair, I was ordered by my Doctor complete rest in the Caucasus. To avoid any approach to noise or excitement on the journey, which I had been warned would be fatal, I had had my boots muffled and my head enveloped in medicated cotton wool, while I had, as a still further precautionary measure to ensure repose, taken just before starting an almost dangerously powerful sleeping draught. Thus prepared I was carefully placed in my "wagon-lit," the other three in my compartment being occupied respectively by my two elderly maiden Aunts in whose temporary charge I was travelling, and by an invalid Gentleman, a sufferer like myself, who said he had completely lost the use of his legs in an accident at a Fancy Fair.

For the first three or four hours, at least so I was given to understand, all went fairly well; till, at about a quarter to two in the morning, a sudden bursting in of the floor of the carriage with a noise like thunder, accompanied by a ripping off of the entire roof into a thousand splinters, announced to us the unwelcome fact that the six wheels of the car had simultaneously shot from their axles, and that there was, in fact, something wrong somewhere. At first we would not believe it, and, as we had paid in advance for our places, this was natural. We, however, were soon rudely awakened to the fact. One of the officials of the train, in an excited and insolent manner, hurled us from our couches, and commanded us instantly to jump out on to the up line and walk to Bouvieres, the next station, thirty-five miles distant. This I declined to do, and insisted on my right to stay where I was until my arrival at the Caucasus. At the same time I courteously showed my ticket. All remonstrance was, however, vain; the official merely produced a horsewhip, with the result that, ill as I was, and feeble as we all were, half-dressed, hungry, and for the greater part of the time in violent hysterics, we had to accomplish the whole distance, in a north-east wind, accompanied by a blinding sleet, mingled with terrific showers of tropical hail. And this took us twenty-nine hours on foot!

To make matters worse, on our arrival at our destination, we were instantly thrown into the common goal as tramps, and neither a civil explanation in excellent French, nor the offer of a small money bribe could satisfy the Authorities. I should add that our invalid *compagnon de voyage* was without further ado peremptorily sent to take a turn on the prison treadmill for "insubordination," and I have not seen or heard anything of him since. As to my two elderly maiden Aunts, they were both, much to my annoyance, buried this morning, and I shall now be obliged, at great personal inconvenience, to return to town for the purpose of soliciting the assistance of two others. I need scarcely say I am not so well as when I started, and yet my Lawyer tells me that I have no redress. Comment is superfluous.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

RESISTER.

SIR.—Your grumbling Correspondents deserve all they get for patronising the Company at all. I am continually travelling to all parts of the Continent, and though a very light sleeper, I invariably select a night journey whenever I can manage it. But I see to my own comfort myself. All your Correspondent "TIMIDUS" has to do is to take a six-foot flock-mattress, and feather-bed, bolster, and pillow to match, and three good-sized blankets and a counterpane into the carriage with him on starting. If the other passengers, as they sometimes will, object, let him sensibly take no heed of them, but spread out his extemporised bed-gear in the middle of the carriage, and, as soon as it is firmly fixed, jump into it as quickly as he can, and draw the blankets over his head. His companions will now be not only surprised but so jammed into their places as to be quite unable even to summon the Guard. If the latter should happen to look in for tickets, a bit of good-humoured banter, backed by a shilling, will instantly quiet him. I have travelled all over Europe in this fashion; and though I have now and then had a bit of a scuffle, I have only been fairly thrown out into a tunnel, with my belongings, seventeen times.

ESPERTO CREDE.

SIR.—Your Correspondent "BACCHANAL," who paid for a ticket from London to Palermo, and has not been allowed to use it, wishes

to know how he is to get any compensation from the Company. I will tell him. Let him, the first time he catches a dangerous fever, hurry off with his medical man to Charing Cross, and take his ticket—say for Genoa. He gets into the car, and at once takes to his bed. Now he has the pull of the Company. On arriving at his destination, he is requested to get up and leave the carriage, but the demand is instantly met by the medical adviser, who, telling the official not to make so much noise, produces a certificate to the effect that the patient is in a condition that will not admit of his being disturbed, and the train again starts on its return journey. The process is repeated, and may, with judgment, be often almost indefinitely prolonged. I can vouch for the fact that this is thoroughly practicable, for I recommended it to a friend only last month, and had he not unfortunately died on the third journey home, he might even now have been profiting by the advice of

ONE WHO KNOWS.

SIR.—In answer to the letter of "LEX" I have merely to point out to him that under the Company's Act, 39 Vict. c. 4, s. 15, it will be found that by a special bye-law that has never been questioned, all that in their dealings with the public the Company guarantee is "to issue them their tickets." Trusting that this will be a sufficient rejoinder to "LEX," and those, who like him, imagine that the mere payment of a fare involves any obligation other than of a purely imaginative and arbitrary character.

I am, your obedient Servant,

THE CHAIRMAN.

SOME MORE "QUESTIONS OF THE DAY."

MR. CROPPER. To ask the Under-Secretary to the Local Government Board what the population of England is likely to be in 1900? what is the name, age, and residence of his hatter? how many herrings could in his opinion be bought for an outlay of a shilling, on the supposition that one-and-a-half are purchasable at three halfpence, and whether he will submit the calculations on which he bases his opinion, in the form of a Parliamentary Paper, to the House? and, finally, whether the Government will consider the advisability of admitting the Secretary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge to a permanent seat on the Treasury Bench?

MR. LABOUCHERE. To ask the HOME SECRETARY whether any Gentleman is now at liberty to burn the bodies either of himself or of his nearest relatives, in consequence of some extra-judicial (but perhaps not extra-judicial) *dicta* which had happened to fall from one of the Puisse Judges?

SIR H. MAXWELL. To ask the First Lord of the Treasury whether the elderly female recently appointed to sweep out the Post-Office at Maresnet, is not the great-aunt of a person who once acted as assistant to a firm of Dust Contractors who cleaned out the dust-hole of a former Liberal Agent for that borough?

MR. M. GUEST. To ask the Vice-President of the Council whether it is the case that one of the infants at the Stoke Pogis Board School has been compelled to learn by heart the whole of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Midlothian Speeches, the *Faerie Queen* and the *Novum Organum*; and whether the intellect of the infant is likely to survive the strain.

MR. W. MARRIOTT. To ask the President of the Board of Trade whether an Emissary from Birmingham, stationed at St. Martin's-le-Grand, with instructions to peruse and report upon all post-cards sent by Conservative Members of Parliament, has not, in a fit of remorse, attempted suicide and arson, after compounding with his creditors for payment of twopence-farthing in the pound.

LORD A. PERCY. The height, breadth, and other dimensions of all recruits of Her Majesty's Army.

LORD R. CHURCHILL. The blood relations, views on politics, and votes at recent elections, of all the Bankruptcy Receivers recently appointed.

MR. MACLIVER. To ask the ATTORNEY-GENERAL if the Police have any knowledge of the present whereabouts of the Public Prosecutor, and when and also where that functionary was last heard of.

ANY NUMBER OF MEMBERS. To ask any and every Member of the Government a string of the most ill-timed and inconvenient questions (embellished with extracts from speeches in Midlothian and elsewhere) as to the operations in Egypt, with the object of getting some declaration out of Ministers which will entirely undo the good effect of the victories of General GRAHAM, still further jeopardise Gordon's mission and life, and the general position of the English in that country.

THE ONE QUESTION PUT BY MR. PUNCH, M.P. (for the United Kingdom generally). To ask the SPEAKER if all this useless talk can't be stopped, and the real business of the country proceeded with?

A REGULAR LARK.—The marvellous pennyworth of the best poetry, by the best poets, published every month under the editorship of Dr. BENNETT.



'DON'T!'

ADVICE TO PEOPLE WHO WISH TO GET ON.

DON'T EXPLAIN TO LORD PLANTAGENET LE MESURIER-DE-VERE (ON THE OCCASION OF YOUR MEETING HIM AT A SCIENTIFIC DINNER) THAT AN ANCESTRESS OF YOURS, ON YOUR MOTHER'S SIDE (ISOBEL DE GOBYNS), MARRIED A LE MESURIER-DE-VERE IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. IT MAY BE TRUE, BUT IT WON'T INTEREST HIM, AND HE WILL PROBABLY TELL YOU SO, QUITE SIMPLY!

DON'T OMIT TO ASK LITTLE CHERISO SQUABE, THE SON OF THE FAMOUS ALDERMAN (IF YOU WANT HIS NAME TO A BILL) WHETHER HE ISN'T ONE OF THE BERKSHIRE SQUABES—LADY TERESA AND ALL THAT LOT, YOU KNOW! THERE ARE NO SUCH PEOPLE, IN BERKSHIRE OR ANYWHERE ELSE; BUT HE WILL FAINTLY ACKNOWLEDGE THAT THERE IS A KIND OF RELATIONSHIP—AND DO WHAT YOU REQUIRE.

A BIT O' FRESH MEAT.

(A Poor Wife's Views on the Cattle Question.)

AH! it's all very well; they may talk and may talk,
And it's little I know of their meaning at best,
And political cheese and political chalk

May be like or unlike, when it's put to the test.

But I know that trade is bad,

And my JOHN with the fever is down;

And I know what a small bit o' meat's to be had

For the change o' one's only half-crown!

No, it wasn't so cruel twice ten year ago

When JOHN was stronger and I was young,
And at fourpence a pound—late at night—I have known

The primest of spare-ribs or sitch-bones, well hung

And tender as marrow, chucked in at our bid;

"Weigh there, two-and-eight!" was the butcherman's cry.

Ah! we relished our marketing then, that we did,

In the flush of our young married life, JOHN and I.

But now—well, JOHN grows grey,

Rheumatics unstraighten the sturdiest lad;

I seem to get sourer, somehow, day by day,

And Trade's so bad!

A bit o' fresh meat! That's his longing, poor chap;

Very natural too,—I have felt it myself,

When Sunday's meal's gone to its very last scrap,

And there's nothing but bread and Dutch-cheese on the shelf.

Seems greedy, it may be,—she hinted as much,

Our prim Lady-Visitor; ah! but you see,

To keep up his strength against sickness's touch,

A labourer needs more than 'taters and tea.

Work down at the Docks is work,—

At six in the winter 'tis cold.

JOHN never was one to skulk or shirk,

And he's growing old!

A bit o' fresh meat! I suppose they can't guess

What that means to a man,—or a woman, sometimes,—

How should they? A Duke doesn't dine any less

If the price goes up twenty per cent. upon "primes";

But a penny a pound upon offal or scraps,

Or tuppence on small Sunday joints—(they're a treat

That don't always come to our husbands, poor chaps!)—

Just draws the hard line betwixt meat and no meat!

Don't believe it, perhaps? Why, no!

Seems funny, no doubt—to you Swells;

We women, however, whose pennies come slow,

Can tell what they're worth, and must watch how they go.

What means a meat-dinner when prices are low

In places where Poverty dwells,

Means cheer o' the heart and a flush o' the cheek!

My Lords and such-like as seem to seek

To keep 'em high, if you had to come

Late o' Saturday night from a slushy alum,

Like me and many a woman more,

With a bit of a bag and a sixpence, or less,

To chaffer and scheme for the Sunday's mess,

To turn "block-ornaments" o'er and o'er

And try for the pick of the musty pile,

Till even the butcher—with half a smile—

Shouts, "Now, then, Missis there, when you *have* done!"

And find at last that the money won't run

To even a pound among five!

Perhaps you might own that *all's* not right,

Though "our flocks and herds" are fair to the sight,

Though Law may have shut out the Murrain's blight,

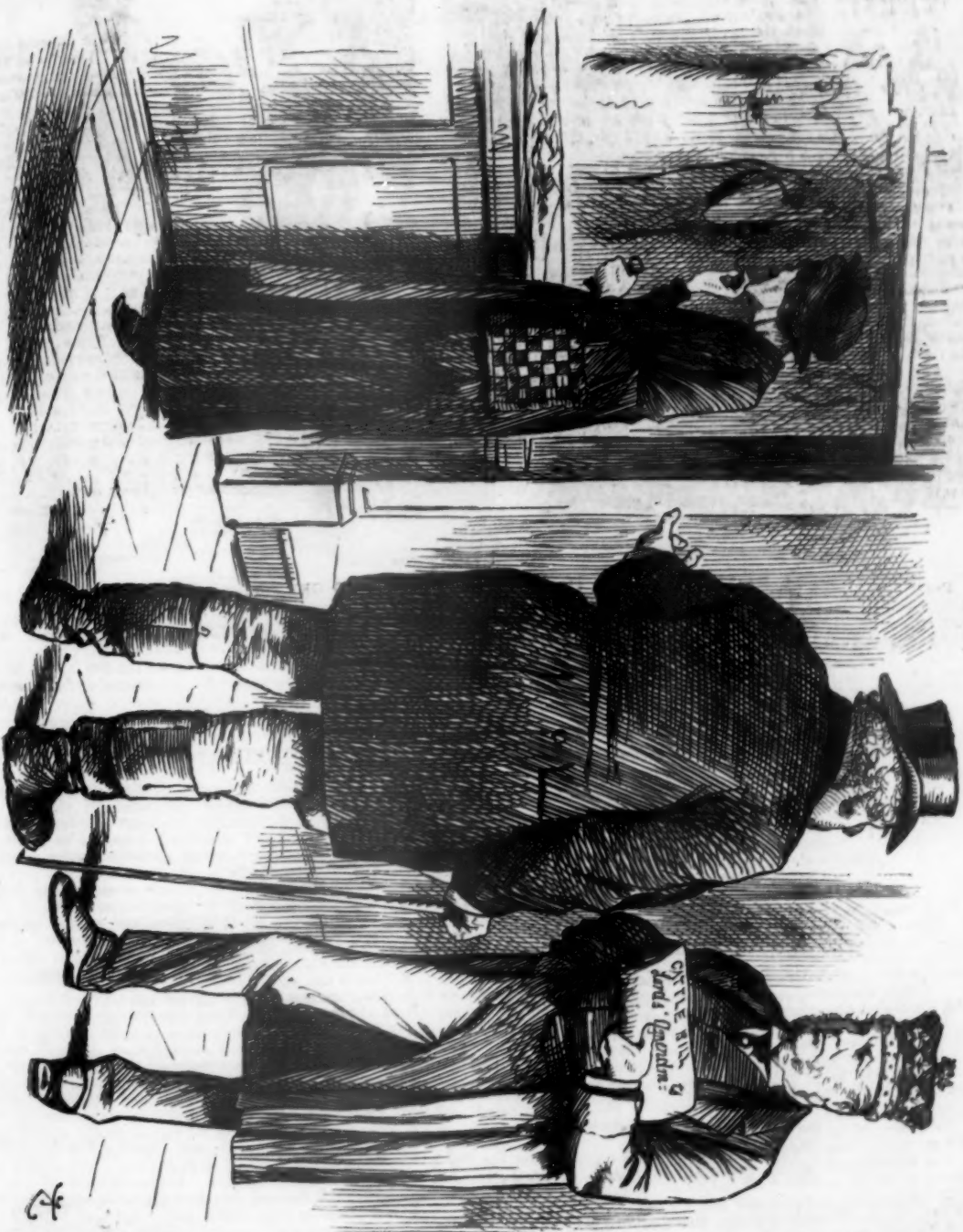
Though Dukes and Dealers no longer fight,

Though Farmers no more may complain of their plight,

And Butchers flourish and thrive!

THE PALETTINATE.—The Artists' Quarter at Kensington.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 29, 1884.



A QUESTION OF "SUPPLY."

MR. BULL (to DUKE OF RICHMOND). "NO, YOUR GRACE: IF THERE IS TO BE 'PROTECTION,' THAT IS THE SORT OF PERSON WE MUST PROTECT!!!"

THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.





THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"I WAS SO SORRY NOT TO BE AT HOME WHEN YOU CALLED, MR. BINKS!"
 "OH, PRAY DON'T MENTION IT! IT DIDN'T MATTER IN THE LEAST, I CAN ASSURE YOU!"

GOING A-BEGGING.

THE Constituency of Muchstir appears to experience considerable difficulty in securing a suitable Parliamentary representative. It has been "going the rounds" of the Seers and Prophets, and superior persons generally, in search of some one willing to become a Candidate, but at present without success. The replies, however, which Muchstir has received to such applications constitute a most interesting and valuable *précis* of what may be called the Higher Politics, politics which in Jupiter or Saturn, in the realms of the Platonic Ideal, or in *vacuo* would doubtless be estimated at their right value, but which, unhappily, are considerably "above the heads" of the Man in the Street and the Member at St. Stephen's. Some extracts from the replies received by the Local Association may be of public interest.

Professor SHEPHERD POZ says:—

"Many thanks for your invitation, which is doubtless intended as a compliment to the Higher Intellect and the Political Oversoul—in my person. The compliment is unfortunately misjudged and misdirected. The Higher Intellect, like the Ideal Pegasus, cannot work in harness, political or otherwise. I am pledged to certain unchangeable—because absolutely correct and final—opinions on every conceivable topic, which I could not waive for a moment or in deference to any possible majority. One of these opinions is, that all Parties in Parliament are entirely wrong about everything. I could not possibly, therefore, agree or act with any Party. There is only too much reason to fear that all Parties would not unite to agree and act with Me. Obstnacy and Unreason, so dominant in these days, would, alas! prevent that desirable consummation. I will not say that I am not fit for Parliament. The Philosopher is fit for anything. But Parliament, as at present constituted and conducted, is emphatically not fit for Me! How could I follow the lead either of a voluble, emotional, sophistical Sciolist, or of a molluscous platitudinarian Philistine?"

"I have, of course, a political programme as complete as COMTE and as elegant as a *silhouette*. But would Parliament submit to my intellectual scissors? I should snip too much for the Tories, and shear too little for the Radicals. I should cut away all State excrencences, such as Churches and Colonies. I should cut down the power of the State in every possible way. I am opposed to compelling people to be honest, or sober, or unoppressive, or non-homicidal. I am

opposed to all kinds of compulsion save one. I would compel people to be free. *That* would cure everything.

"No, Gentlemen, the Positive Philosopher cannot at present find rest for the sole of his intellectual foot at St. Stephen's. He can put that foot down as heavily as he pleases in the Press, and nobody says rude things to him. But in Parliament it would tread on Party corns all round, and those who were hurt instead of getting out of the way would resent, howl, perhaps kick. So, unless you could secure me the position of Autocratic Leader of all Parties at Westminster, I think I can do more justice to myself, and more service to the Universe, as Intellectual Ruler of the Pan-Cosmical Review."

Mr. DIONYSIUS DUSK writes:—

"No! emphatically and eternally No! To be Aroh-Cackler in Chaos, who, save a miscreated and malign Nincompoop, would sacrifice the Supernal Complacency of Egoistic Isolation in Conceptual Cosmos? It is like your Cockney impudence, and I will see you eternally dephlogisticated first! Member for Muchstir? Bah! I am Member for all the Infinities, and most of the Magnificencies, for the Mellifluous Memnon-Melodies, and the glittering Cohort of Golden Silences! In your machine-made Ape-ridden Palaver Shop at Westminster I should be as a new Prometheus stretched out on an arid *Caucus-us* range, harried and liver-torn by the Voluble Vultures of what they fatuously call free Debate! Would they listen in soul-stricken silence to my diata? Would they vote in unbroken unanimity at my nod? Would they not yearn to 'argue'? Would they not itch to 'reply'? Of what avail then my Presence in their midst? Goto, foolish political postulants! Put your anserine heads in a (Gladstone) bag! Leave me, leave me, ye *Caucus*-confounded Cacklers,—'alone with the stars'!!!!!"

Mr. OSRIC LUTESTRING thus lyrically responds:—

You ask me—*why* I cannot say—
 To stand for Muchstir! Vastly well!
 The "ting" of the Division bell
 Sheep may regard, but Singers?—nay!

Political bell-wethers lead
 Their foolish flocks to either lobby—
 "Run in," like tipplers by a Bobby.
 Shall Bards do ditto? No, indeed!

A nectar-drinker, I, and not
 A tippler of mere Party spirit.
 A Poet of superior merit
 Looks upon all "Reform" as rot.

Form is the thing. There is no form
 In Parliament. The Art of BELT
 Is better; there all outlines melt,
 Like waxworks when the weather's warm.

Inchoate chaos, muddy flux!
 The Bard might serve them well indeed,
 If, Whig or Tory, they would heed
 His bland unbiased *flat lux*!

But no, APELLES in the Court
 Of HUDDLESTONE were happier far
 Than Poet at the Commons' bar
 In an impromptu ode out short.

I seem to see the SPEAKER's frown,
 The "rise to order," and the ruling;
 Next day's report, "After much fooling,
 The speaker suddenly sat down."

"The Honourable Member thinks,
 'Twould seem, that the Egyptian mess
 May be cleared up with much success,
 By Songs to Memnon or the Sphinx!"

It will not do, not quite, not quite!
 That Parliament is out of joint
 Is very clear, but—here's the point!—
 I was not born to set it right!

It is understood that Muchstir has given up the idea of seeking a Candidate amongst those Greater Lights that lighten—in books and reviews—our political darkness. *Sic itur ad astra* is an excellent motto. But, unfortunately, in this case, the "Stars" that Muchstir has gone to have refused to shine upon that aspiring Constituency. Some think so much the better for the Constituency, and for Parliament also.

THE UTILISATION OF BALD HEADS.

From the following Advertisement in the *Morning Post* we see how it is possible to make baldness profitable, and how personal unsightliness may be turned to good account:—

WANTED, TWENTY BALD-HEADED MEN, as PERAMBULATING SIGNS, willing to have the words, "—" burnt in on the back of their heads.—Apply for address, &c.

It speaks well for the enterprise of the age to find that a hitherto untried field for advertising has been discovered. Blank walls, hoardings, pavements, and railway stations have long ago been used up, but this startling notion opens up a rare channel for remunerative employment. Of course the remuneration would depend upon the society in which the advertiser moved, and no doubt the promoters of the scheme would make it well worth the while of Dukes in difficulties or impecunious Bishops to have their heads extensively tattooed for the glorification of some vast commercial speculation. The idea is quite worthy of the immortal BARNUM.

THE CHIEF OFFICER IN COMMAND AT THE COMING VOLUNTEER REVIEW.—The movements, according to the published orders, are apparently all directed by "General Idea." Who's he?

PRIVATE VIEWS.—Public Crushes.



DELIGHT OF THE LAST OF THE BARONS

ON HEARING THAT HIS JUDGMENT HAD BEEN AFFIRMED BY THE COURT ABOVE.

A PROTEST FROM POWDER AND PLUSH.

THE Sunday morning sitting of the House of Commons has caused the greatest sensation in the Servants' Hall. The *Globe* has informed us how Messengers arrived from the House of Commons at the residences of those Members who were quietly sleeping in their beds, and knocked up about thirty households at six in the morning. The aforesaid M.P.'s started forth in all haste, but on arriving at the House, they found the doors just closed. Subsequently, telegrams were sent round from the Government Whips, apologising for thus disturbing the senatorial slumbers. The matter, however, will not end here. A meeting has since been convened under the presidency of Mr. JAMES DE LA PLUCHE. Among the speakers were Mr. JOHN SMAUKER, Mr. WHIFFERS, and Mr. TUCKLE. A strong protest was made against this inconsiderate behaviour on the part of the Government, and a remonstrance was addressed to the PREMIER, saying that this kind of thing must not occur again, and, if it does, the whole of Flunkeydom will at once withdraw their support from Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration.

The Church Nautical.

SAYS WILLIS, "It seems clear to me, Though HARCOURT chaffs and jeers, A Bishop's place is out at Sea, And not among the Piers!"

FAREWELL TO THE NATIVE.

[An article in the *Standard* points out that real Native Oysters are increasingly difficult to obtain, the marketable stock being all but exhausted, but gives hopes for the future in the development of Oyster-farming.]

Oh, dear Native Oyster, don't say that you're banish'd
From places where greatly you flourished of old;
'Tis true that for long you've been dear, and have vanish'd
Except when a Cressus his stores can unfold.
Is Whitstable bare, and is Colchester beaten
By queer foreign rivals?—it cannot be true.
One day will the last of the Natives be eaten,
And nothing avail that the gourmet can do!

Don't tell us of strange Anglo-Dutch, which are flabby,
Don't let the American send his Blue Point;
Each fat Anglo-French is as pale as a "babby,"
And never can put Native nose out of joint.
They may do quite well for a scallop or sauces,
They serve for a soup when 'tis artfully made;
But for a half dozen to prelude the courses,
The Native puts all other sorts in the shade.

And so let us hope that new beds for the Oyster
Will prosper as others have done we've been told;
That good "spat" will fall, and the product be moister
And fatter than even the Natives of old.
O cynical MALLOCK, life is not worth living
Unless a fair Oyster can gleam on the dish;
So let your *Punch* hope that next year will be giving
A better supply of the King of Shellfish!

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM tells us that a young friend of hers, who is a most accomplished Italian scholar, is now occupied in turning the sonnets of PLUTARCH into English.

A CAPITAL JOKE; OR, WHAT IT MAY HAVE BEEN.

Lord H. to Admiral H.—Congratulations! But it is a pity he escaped. Am asked such awkward questions every night and have nothing to reply. Can't something decisive be done?

Admiral H. to Lord H.—Have done it. It will cost £5,000, but I think I've got a surprise for you.

Lord H. to Admiral H.—Splendid! Never mind expense. What is it? What have you done?

Admiral H. to Lord H.—Offered £5,000 for O. D.'s head.

Lord H. to Admiral H.—Capital:—that is—I'll just look at the papers: for it strikes me on second thoughts—wait a moment for further instructions.

Admiral H. to Lord H.—No use! Too late! Have sent out 20,000 posters in my own Arabic. Am expecting head to turn up every minute.

Lord H. to Admiral H.—Good heavens! Call all posters in at once! Only one opinion about it! Great mistake. You'll be the ruin of us. Wire back latest particulars.

Admiral H. to Lord H.—Certainly. Five heads have just come in. What am I to do?

Lord H. to Admiral H.—Return them at once with thanks.

Admiral H. to Lord H.—Have. Nasty business all the same. Hope you're satisfied?

Lord H. to Admiral H.—Thoroughly.

CHANGE OF NAME.—In commemoration of the sudden retreat of the French after their recent advance towards the Chinese frontier, it has been decided that their latest acquisition in Annam shall be in future known as *There-and-Back Ninh*.

"THE only tenants Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD could find to evict in Egypt," said an Irish M.P., "were the tenants of the prisons, and he at once evicted a hundred and twenty of 'em."



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: No 6: EFFECT OF THE FRANCHISE BILL, DRAWN BY A VOTER OF THE FUTURE.

SSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY. M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 17.—Got to work again at four this afternoon quite refreshed after long rest. Home little before six on Sunday morning, which was great boon. Might have sat all day and had our Sunday's sermon brought us between two plates, as the British workman's wife carries her lord's meal. Suppose that will come later in the Session. At present revel in comparative leisure and prolonged rest. Expected fresh row at Question Time. On Saturday LYULPH STANLEY made rude remark about TIM HEALY. TIM very properly indignant. Threatened to tell the SPEAKER and have LYULPH whipped. On reflection thought better of it. Perhaps have brought up reference to some of his own remarks. Needn't go back later than Thursday when he accused TRAVELYAN of conspiracy to murder and SEXTON accused LORD SPENCER of lying and cheating and suborning witnesses.

"Wish he'd come on," said EDWARD CLARKE, "Reminds me of my first brief. Client a professional garrotter whose hat had been playfully beaten in by a passing policeman. Insisted upon having the practical joker prosecuted."

As it was RANDOLPH had to make a little play. He, also, shocked at strong language. DILKE observed on Saturday FRED BURNABY not under military compulsion to shoot Arabs with shotted gun. That, RANDOLPH says, is insult to whole British Army, and insists upon HARTINGTON repudiating DILKE. Result of scene not quite what RANDOLPH designed. Meant to vindicate order in House, and put down growing practice of using strong language. Result, a squabble, with flat contradictions flying around, House in uproar; only RANDOLPH calm and possessed, sometimes waving down irate Radicals, anon with folded arms and darkened brow frowning reproach on DILKE, and singeing HARTINGTON with lightning of his wrath.

"So like his great ancestor," WOLFF said, admiringly, "The fellow who used to 'ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm.'"

He used, doneha, to "ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm." Sitting given up to Colonels, who discussed various matters, shunting the SECRETARY FOR WAR on to midnight, when he explained Estimates in wearied House. Colonel MILNE HOME introduced new Parliamentary procedure. Common thing for Member after delivering exciting harangue to conclude by sitting on his hat. HOME first man to sit on another fellow's. General ALEXANDER secured corner seat meaning to make a speech. Beat temporary retreat; left his hat there, sort of flagstaff to mark his position. HOME, returning from charge against system of examining Army officers for promotion, plumped down on hat. Diligently straightened it out, and brushed it in vain effort to make it look as if nothing particular had happened. Pretty to see him later, when ALEXANDER returned, furtively watching to see

whether he noticed anything. ALEXANDER did, but, concluding that it was the Government who were at bottom of it, only shook his head.

"What can you expect," he said to Sir Walter Barttelot, "from a Ministry that has GLADSTONE at its head and CHAMBERLAIN with his Caucus at its back. Even our hats are not safe."

Business done.—Army Estimates in Committee.

Tuesday.—House still talking of HARCOURT's great speech of Saturday, after Division on LABBY's well-meant Amendment.

"So," said the HOME SECRETARY, on Saturday, caressing his bountiful chin, "this dirty trick hasn't succeeded, after all."

Only nine words (same number as the Muses, LORD MAYOR reminds me) but full of point. Question is, what's going to be done for HICKS-BEAUCH? Only for SIR MICHAEL, who, sitting with All Angels on Front Bench, overheard oration, the speech would have had very limited audience, and immense advantage to Liberal Party of having case put in nutshell for popular use lost.

"We must do something for BEACH," HARTINGTON said, as he took a cup of tea with GLADSTONE on Sunday.

"Hicksackly," said the PREMIER. But nothing more passed at the time, WILLIAM being limited, by order of ANDREW CLARK, to one word per quarter of an hour.

LARRY going about triumphant after his little game of Saturday.

"You nearly left us without a Ministry," I said to him. "Fine fun, but what about your Constituents? How do they like your coalescing with RAWDOLPH and PARNELL to turn out our only Government?"

"My constituents are all right," said LARRY, "as long as I stick to BRADLAUGH, and move to reduce Votes on account of the Royal Family. As to Egyptian politics, they're altogether muddled. Don't know the difference between OSMAN DIGNA and OSMAN MORGAN."

Morning Sitting to-day to pass Second Reading of Cattle Plague Bill. Both sides anxious to see Bill getting on. Got on very well up to eighteen minutes to seven, when KENNY appeared on scene, and stringing words together for space of twelve minutes, talked the Bill out.

"See a good deal in the way of degradation of House of Commons," said GOSCHEN, feeling in wrong place for his eye-glass, "but this the most striking exemplification that occurs to me. Here's a national interest demands legislation. Two great parties of the State agree to legislate. Special arrangements made for discussing measure. Valuable debate takes place. Bill about to be read Second Time, when there appears on the scene a Manchester counter-skipper, who, undertaking occasionally to blacken PARRELL's boots, is made Member of Parliament. Chatters for a few minutes and all the labour of the day destroyed, and legislation indefinitely postponed. A great Institution House of Commons, but evidently not adapted to the times."

House Counted Out at nine o'clock. *Business done.*—None.

Wednesday.—Much shaking of the head over RANDOLPH to-day. Not only gave his support to BROADHURST's Bill for the Compulsory Purchase of Leaseholds, but spoke disrespectfully of a Duke.

"It's all very well for him to have a lark, doncha," said MR. CHRISTOPHER STOKES, who had obtained the freehold of a new pair of gloves for the occasion; "but, demmy, when it comes to saying a man may buy his ground-rent if he afford to pay for it, the Con-stitooshun's in danger. Besides, the way he talks of Dookes makes my blood run cold. Shouldn't wonder if he were to attack ME next!" To avoid which CHRISTOPHER hurried out of the House.

Business done.—Leasehold Bill rejected by 168 votes to 104. Overtures made to RANDOLPH to join Radical Party. "You could worry GLADSTONE much better from this side," LADBY said. RANDOLPH promises to think it over. Tory indignation against blameless RANDOLPH immeasurable. "Lord 'HENRY GEORGE' CHURCHILL," they bitterly call him. But RANDOLPH, as usual, knows what he's about.

Thursday Midnight.—Been here all night. Just made private arrangements with elderly Messengers to carry me out as if I were BRADLAUGH. Sick in soul, worn out in body. Hour-and-half spent in wrangling over Questions. Only two out of the ninety-eight proper to be put in House of Commons. Then CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN ready to explain the Navy Estimates. Minister and interests of perhaps greatest department of State set aside, whilst half-a-dozen Members wobble round miscellaneous subjects more or less nearly connected with Navy. Now it is Midnight. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN up, and real business of Sitting commences. Treasury driven to last ditch. Must have Vote, so House going to sit all night.

How long will country stand this nightly spectacle, I wonder? Used to be very indignant about St. Pancras Board of Guardians. Their business way perfect compared with ours. Must be an end of this. British Lion be roaring around presently, putting a Question of its own.

"Here, you fellows," I fancy I hear B. L. roaring in the Lobby. "You clear out quick. I sent you here to do my business, of which there's plenty standing around. Instead of that you squabble at Question Time; you dawdle from seven to ten; then you begin a fresh row. At half-past twelve you say you want to go home. Ministers at wits' end, protest certain Vote must be passed before the House rises. Then you divide; go on dividing for an hour during which business in hand might have been got through. Finally settle down and, half asleep, vote my money by the million without inquiry. You sit on Saturdays and you desecrate Sundays with coarse vituperation. I know very well who are the prime movers in this plot and who keep Pandemonium going. But responsibility rests with (Ministers, with the Majority, and with the Authorities of the House. I look to them to restore House of Commons to condition of decency and will support them in the enterprise. They can do it and they must do it without a week's delay."

Nice party B. L. when his moustache bristles. Hard to rouse, but when once on rampage not pleasant to meet him in narrow place like House of Commons.

Business done.—First warning from British Lion.

Friday Night.—Bishops had a near squeak. In the Lords threw out Motion for opening libraries and museums in London on Sunday. In the Commons nearly thrown out themselves. GRAND CROSS splendid in debate. Been out to dinner with Archbishop of CANTERBURY. More than ever solemn and little more than usual muddled. Throughout speech House in roars of laughter. Cross couldn't make it out at all, but stumbled along, solemn and muddled.

"There's been nothing like this," said MR. BRIGHT, who watched the scene from the Cross Benches, "since MR. PECKSNIF, looking over the bannisters, addressed the guests after the dinner at Todgers's."

Business done.—Motion to banish Bishops from House of Lords defeated by 148 votes against 137.



Model Anti-Obstructionists clearing Mud-Salad Market and Bleated Ducal Barriers.

"SAUCE FOR THE COUNSEL GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR SOLOR GANDER."

(Respectfully dedicated to the Incorporated Law Society and the Bar Committee.)

SCENE—Interior of the Duke of DITCHWATER's Study. TIME—The near Future. PRESENT—His Grace and MR. KOSTS, the Family Solicitor.

The Duke (finishing a long business talk). And I suppose we had better be represented by MR. SILVERTONGUE, the Queen's Counsel?

Mr. KOSTS (hesitating). Certainly, your Grace, if it is your express wish.

The Duke (surprised). Why, MR. KOSTS, you surely know of no better representative?

Mr. KOSTS (hurriedly). Oh no, your Grace. MR. SILVERTONGUE is a most eloquent advocate, and has the law at his fingers' ends; but—

The Duke. Well? Surely we may entrust ourselves in his hands with perfect confidence? Do you not think so?

Mr. KOSTS. Oh, certainly, your Grace, certainly. (*Hesitating.*) But matters have changed a little lately. There has been an alteration in the law.

The Duke. Indeed!

Mr. KOSTS. Yes, your Grace. The fact is, that the two branches of the legal profession have been amalgamated.

The Duke. I don't quite understand.

Mr. KOSTS. Why, your Grace, there is now no real distinction between Solicitors and Barristers, except in name. So I thought, your Grace, that as I could do the work as well, that perhaps I might replace MR. SILVERTONGUE, and— You see it is simply a matter of business.

The Duke (interrupting). Certainly, certainly, MR. KOSTS. No doubt you could represent me admirably. But you see I am afraid MR. SILVERTONGUE might be a little offended. You know he is a personal friend of mine, and—

Mr. KOSTS (promptly, with a bow). I trust your Grace will not give the matter another thought—MR. SILVERTONGUE shall be instructed. (*Preparing to go.*) Of course, your Grace's young relative, the Honourable CHARLES NEEDY, will act as Junior?

The Duke. Certainly, MR. KOSTS. Give CHARLEY as much of my work as possible. My wife's cousin, I am afraid, is not overburdened with briefs.

Mr. KOSTS. I am afraid not, your Grace. And yet MR. NEEDY is a sharp and clever young Gentleman. Good day, your Grace!

The Duke (after a moment's thought, suddenly). One moment, MR. KOSTS. Did I understand you to say that the two branches of the legal profession were amalgamated?

Mr. KOSTS. To all intents and purposes, your Grace. You see we can now do all the work of the Bar.

The Duke. And I suppose Barristers can act as Solicitors—I mean, undertake the same kind of business?

Mr. KOSTS (laughing). There is nothing to prevent them, your Grace, save their incapacity?

The Duke (with dignity). No relative of the Duchess, MR. KOSTS, can be incapable!

Mr. KOSTS (puzzled). I beg your Grace's pardon. I do not quite understand—

The Duke. Then I will explain. You tell me that Barristers can now act as Solicitors. Well, you know the old adage, that "blood is thicker than water." It is, MR. KOSTS; it is. You will pardon me, I am sure, if I suggest that the connection of your firm with my family has not been un lucrative.

Mr. KOSTS. On the contrary, your Grace! I may fairly say that the connection is worth many hundreds a-year to us. We cannot be sufficiently grateful.

The Duke. Pray desist, MR. KOSTS. The matter is one of pure business. It really is not at all a question of gratitude. Well, as I understand you to say that MR. NEEDY is quite qualified to undertake Solicitor's work—

Mr. KOSTS (blankly). Theoretically, your Grace; theoretically.

The Duke (haughtily). Any relative of the Duchess can reduce theory to practice.

Mr. KOSTS (bowing). No doubt, your Grace; no doubt.

The Duke. Well, as I now find that CHARLEY can do the work I have hitherto given to you, MR. KOSTS, I feel that some alteration must be made. CHARLEY is poor, and my relative. So I am sure you will not be offended when for the future I give him the whole of the legal work I used to give to you. You see, after all (as you explained to me just now), it is purely a matter of business!

[Scene closes in upon MR. KOSTS' discomfort.]

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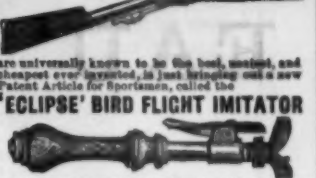
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DEAR VANITY.—I will begin
my letter this week by singling the praise of a medicine which has the curious property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. It is called "Glycoline," these drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds.—"The Lancet," VARIETY PAIN, March 15, 1879. **GLYCOLINE**, prepared by LEATH & BROS., 6 St. Paul's, and 5, York St., W. All Chemists, 1s. 1/4 and 2s. 6d.; post, 1s. 6d. and 2s.

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THE GREEN THREAD may be considered the most valuable of all, and should be used as a daily mouth-wash. Those who suffer periodically from toothache, sensitiveness of the teeth and gums, decay and offensive breath, will never suffer again, and will preserve their teeth sound and white till the end, by using ten or twelve drops in a little water, to rinse the mouth well night and morning.

THE YELLOW THREAD instantly removes violent toothache.

THE RED THREAD is used in the same manner as the Green, but is specially adapted for children.

M. PIESSE also recommends a particularly good kind of soft Toothbrush, made of the finest bristles, and his ORANGE TOOTH-PASTE for the removal of tartar and whitening the teeth.

The above may be obtained through any Chemist, or direct from WILCOX & CO., 230, Oxford Street, London.

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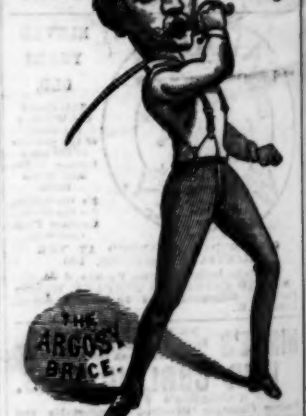
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